

This week! Albert W. Aiken again! "Velvet Hand," in which appears "Injun Dick."

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No. 380

IN SUMMERTIME.
BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

The rose is blossoming out on the spray,
A little red world that will last for a day.
The mother-bird broods on her mossy nest,
With a sweet song in her speckled breast.
Then was ever caught in any words
Of the curious language of men or birds.
The bee is a-swing in the scented bells
Of honeysuckles and asphodels.
The robin is rocking, too lazy to sing,
Or put his head under his dappled wing;
Rocking and swinging, and now and then
He chirps to his mate, and is mute again.
I hear the tinkle of bells afar
On the sun-flecked slopes where the daisies are
The low of cattle comes down the hills,
And blends with the ripple of laughing rills.
The air is sweet with the scent of grass,
That has fallen in swaths where the mowers pass.
There is silence here that is full of sound,
And I dream that the world is enchanted ground.
I hear in the music of brook and bird
A language that fits no spoken word,
But is written out by the hand of God
From his great warm heart in the sky and sod.
I dream while the sleepy robin swings,
Of a thousand happy and peaceful things,
For care is banished, and gone away
From sight and sound of this happy day.
My thoughts are so restful, from care so free,
That they seem like the song of a drowsy bee,
Sung to the chiming of lily-bells,
Swung by a wind-elf in wildwood dell.
Oh, days of summer, so full of rest!
Oh, dreams that are only dreams at best!
I would keep you always, if that might be,
But work, not dreaming, is waiting for me.

"Richard is Himself Again."

The Velvet Hand:
OR,
THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK,"
"THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

PROLOGUE.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING.

DARK and gloomy were the clouds that lowered around great Shasta's snow-covered peak. The hour of midnight was near at hand, and the slow-rising moon, struggling in the embrace of the thick and envious clouds, barely lighted up the night.

On the north-western side of the peak, where one of the edges of the old crater had broken away, thus forming a small circular plateau about a hundred yards in diameter, a huge fire was brightly burning.

By the fire, and feeding the flames, stood a tall, dark form.

The copper-colored face, the massive features, as well as the forest-prairie garb of deerskin which he wore plainly told that the man was native to the soil.

Far below in the valley twinkled the lights of the mining town of Cinnabar, and in the main street of that young metropolis of the Shasta valley, a group of miners were gathered, eagerly trying, with the aid of a powerful glass, to discover the meaning of the unusual beacon blazing so brightly on the side of giant Shasta's peak.

"Some of the buck's heathen ceremonies!" the word went around, as, by the aid of the glass, the miners made out that the tall form standing by the burning pile was a savage chief.

Little did the men of Cinnabar dream that the blazing beacon was to serve as a funeral-pyre for the mortal remains of the long-bearded Cherokee, the Injun Dick of "Overland Kit," the untiring pursuer of "Rocky Mountain Rob," the Richard Talbot, superintendent of the Cinnabar Mine, of "Kentuck," and the dreaded White Rider, the Death-Shot of Shasta, who made such a fearful fight for the Cinnabar lode, as detailed in the pages of "Injun Dick."

"Give my body to the flames on Shasta's side," the hero had muttered, after receiving the chance shot, his death-wound, seemingly.

And O-wa-to (Mud-turtle), the Blackfoot chief, who had traveled far from the home of his tribe, seeking the friend of his early days in the golden California land, promised to receive the Injun.

Motionless by the side of the body, with his head muffled in his blanket after the fashion of his people when mourning for the loved and lost, the chief had remained until the midnight hour was near at hand; then, to the top of Shasta's peak he bore the senseless form of the man who had been unto him like a brother.

The funeral pyre was kindled, and as the



The two road-agents nodded to their chief when he appeared, for the solitary horseman was Captain Death.

flames roared and sparkled high in the air, the Indian knelt by the side of the form, now so cold and still, a last farewell to the attention of the inhabitants.

The eyes of the chief were heavy with tears as he looked upon the face of the man he had loved so well. Even the stoic nature of the savage gave way before the grief of that sad hour.

And then, bending over, he took the helpless form within his arms.

A second only the Indian pressed the senseless figure against his own broad breast, and then with a wild start and a half-shriek, almost womanly in its nature, he placed the body again upon the cold earth, and glared with eager eyes upon the passive face.

Life was not yet extinct! In some little corner of the manly frame the vital spark still lingered.

The random shot had struck fairly home, but so strong the constitution of iron-limbed Injun Dick that the potent lead, which would have carried death to almost any other mortal, had only produced a deathlike swoon.

The heart was beating feebly, and the savage chief, well gifted in the rude medical practice of his race, doubted not that he could save the stricken man.

The fight for the Cinnabar mine was not yet ended! Injun Dick Talbot lived, and while he breathed no mortal man might hope to possess the Cinnabar lode in peace. Again it would be war to the knife.

The eyes opened; the great dark eyes, as keen as the orbs of a wildcat, and yet at times as soft in their light and as lustrious as the star-gazers of a beautiful girl.

Slowly the life came back to the manly form, and then, as the red chief raised the head of the reviving man upon his knee, the eyes of Talbot fell upon the distant lights of Cinnabar.

"Again I pass from the shadows of the valley of death, and wake to life; Cinnabar, thy glories are mine, and mortal man shall not wrest them from me. By fair means or foul again I'll own the Cinnabar lode, and woe to the men who dare to stand between me and my prize!"

And the pale stars, glittering above, registered the oath.

CHAPTER I.

THE VELVET HAND.

AGAIN we write of the young metropolis of the Shasta valley, thriving Cinnabar City. We take up the recital of the fortunes of this

celebrated town and its inhabitants just one year from the time when the beacon fire, blazing on the side of Shasta, had attracted the attention of the inhabitants.

And, during the year, Cinnabar had changed considerably. Many of the former inhabitants had departed, and fresh ones had taken their places.

The Cinnabar lode had been sold for taxes, and had been purchased for quite a sum by a gentleman named Fernando del Colma, a native Californian, originally a cattle-raiser on the lower coast, near Los Angeles.

Del Colma was a man of thirty, apparently; a true Spanish-Mexican-American—a man of medium size, dark eyes, dark hair, pointed mustache and beard, complexion of tawny hue, little feet, little hands, almost effeminate seemed to brood over on his handsome, haughty features.

Great contrast was he, every inch a gentleman, to the rude and uncultivated men by whom he was surrounded.

He was a true descendant of the old race—the cattle-breeding, pleasure-loving, proud, haughty, but gentlemanly lords of California, who held the land in vast tracts before the gold discoveries brought in the pushing, adventurous Anglo-Saxons.

There was nothing in common between the old race and the new men, and little by little the rancheros gave way to the gold-miners.

Fernando's father had been one of the largest landed proprietors on the lower coast, and, dying, had bequeathed to his two children, Fernando and his sister Blanche, a large fortune.

Fernando, careless and unthrifty, like all his race, had made sad havoc with his money,

until at last the day of reckoning came, and the young man found that few of his father's broad acres remained unincumbered.

Pleasure must cease and work begin.

During his trips to San Francisco, he had made the acquaintance of a dashing young fellow, who called himself Bertrand Redan, and this gentleman, who professed to be well acquainted with the upper mining country, had often advised Fernando to try his luck in a mining speculation.

So, upon discovering that something must be done to retrieve his impaired fortunes, Del Colma had turned all his property into ready cash, and acting upon Redan's advice, had bought the Cinnabar mine; and, as he knew very little about mining matters, Redan accepted the position of superintendent, and agreed to manage the whole affair.

A handsome, dashing-looking fellow was

Romantic by nature, she looked for a gallant lover, some stranger from beyond the seas, one of the old race, perchance, from whence her line had sprung.

Del Colma, like most native Californians, was a slave to some of the peculiar traits of his race. He was a hard drinker, deeply addicted to play, lacked the thrift and caution of the Anglo-Saxons, and was as careless with his money as though he still possessed the broad acres that his father once had owned near to the "city of the Angels," on the southern coast, and, naturally, his love for gambling, and for strong liquor, brought him often in contact with the young fellows of the town.

Therefore, when in company with the gay bucks of Cinnabar, he had encountered Blanche, common courtesy had compelled him to introduce his companions.

Small benefit, though, the introduction had been to the enamored youths. A cold bow and a scant "good-morning" were all that the Californian beauty vouchsafed in return for their elaborate salutations.

There was a small group of friends, generally found together after the toils of the day were done, and commonly termed by the miners the "Occidental gang," with whom Del Colma was quite intimate, and as the members of the "gang" were the leading men of the town, it was only natural that one and all, with one exception, should be ardent admirers of the fair señorita.

Clint MacAlpine, formerly postmaster, but now mayor of the city; John Rock, usually termed "Sandy" Rock, largely interested in the Queen City Mining Company of Angel's Bar, a thriving suburb of Cinnabar; "Judge" Bob Candy, the express-agent; Billy King, formerly the barkeeper, but now the thriving proprietor of the Occidental Hotel; Leo Pollock, the largest storekeeper in the town, were the principal members of the Occidental "gang," and with the Occidentals, too, was usually to be found one of the most noted characters of the city at the time of which we write. He was a man of thirty or thereabouts, a little above the medium size, with a strong, manly face, a well-knit figure, and a bearing which stamped him as a captain among captains. His face was always smoothly shaven, and he was as neat and careful in his dress as though he were a promenader fresh from the asphalt pavements of la belle Paris, rather than a denizen of one of the roughest little mining towns to be found in all California.

He dressed so oddly that, once seen, he was not apt to be forgotten. A complete suit of black velvet he wore; coat, vest, and pantaloons, the hat even, were of the same material, and his ruffled shirt-bosom, wherein gleamed two tiny diamond studs, was a miracle of art.

The best card-player in all Northern California this gentleman was reputed to be, and clear from Yreka to Mount Shasta, he was known as "The Velvet Hand of Cinnabar."

Richard Velvet he called himself, and he had such a soft, "taking" way with him, as many a foolehardy miner, confident in his skill in card-playing, had found to his cost, and he was always so cool, so self-possessed, that it was not long before "Richard Velvet, that new sharp," became shortened to "Velvet Hand," and the gentleman in question rather liked the title, so that he got into the habit of giving his name as Velvet Hand. These little nicknames stick on the Pacific slope.

Many a skillful player of cards was there in the territory tributary to the lively city of Cinnabar, but not one of the tribe could win with the ease and grace of Velvet Hand.

A strange fact, too, about this quiet gentleman, and one which his companions had often noted and commented upon: he alone of all the young men of the town seemed not to have fallen a victim to the charms of Blanche del Colma; he alone of all the Occidentals had not secured an introduction to the dark-eyed beauty, and yet he was on more intimate terms with Fernando del Colma, her brother, than any other man in the town—Bertrand Redan, the superintendent of the Cinnabar works, alone excepted.

Many a time the gray light of the morn had peeped in at the window of a little private room on the second floor of the Occidental Hotel to find the Californian and the Velvet Hand hard at play, with a week's production of the Cinnabar lode trembling in the balance; and seldom it was that Del Colma rose a winner from the table.

And when Mr. Dick Velvet was rallied about his avoidance of the glowing beauty, so rich in all her wondrous charms, and asked why, being so intimate with the brother, he had not tried to push his fortune with the sister—for the cool sport was as good-looking a gentleman as there was in the town—Bertrand Redan, the superintendent of the Cinnabar works, alone excepted.

Thus matters stood in the year 1877, when we again take up the pen to chronicle the doings of the men of Cinnabar.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAND OF CAPTAIN DEATH.

THREE miles from Cinnabar City the Shasta river cuts its way through the McCloud canyon. Dark and deep was the defile—as lonely a spot as could be found within a dozen miles of the mining settlement.

At the upper end of the canyon this desile widened out into a small rocky valley, through which ran the old Indian trail leading from Cinnabar up the river.

Along the trail, in the dusk of the evening, a horseman was riding. He was well mounted, well armed, and seemed familiar with the road, for he pushed straight onward without hesitation.

When he reached the open valley above the McCloud canyon, he halted for a moment, cast a careful glance around him as if suspicious of observation, then spurred his horse over the steep rocks until he reached the side of the rocky wall. There he dismounted. Drawing a black mask from his pocket, he covered his face with it. This done, he pushed his way through a dense clump of bushes, leading his horse by the bridle, and disappeared, apparently having made his way right into the solid rock; but if the clump of bushes had been removed, the mouth of a cave—a narrow cleft, just wide enough to allow the entrance of a horse—would have been visible.

Within the narrow passage all was dark as Egypt, but the masked man proceeded without hesitation, apparently familiar with the road, until a winding in the passage suddenly brought him into a vaulted chamber in the rock; thirty feet at least in diameter it was.

Within the apartment, the roof of which extended cone-shaped up into the rock, evidently having an outlet above, were two other horses—two other men.

The horses were quietly munching their oats in some rude stalls constructed at the further end of the apartment.

The men, roughly dressed, miner fashion, and also hiding their faces behind black masks, were seated upon some buffalo-robos, seemingly waiting for the arrival of the new-comer.

A couple of lanterns suspended from spikes driven into the walls afforded light.

The moment the horseman released his grasp on the bridle, the animal hastened to join the other two, thus plainly proving that he was no stranger to the cavern and its mysteries.

And this secret chamber in the heart of the hill was the mountain home of the daring and bloody road-agent known far and wide in the Shasta valley as Captain Death.

And who was Captain Death?

Ah! that was a question that often had been put but as yet had not been answered.

About a year before the time of which we write Captain Death had first made his appearance in the Shasta valley.

A stage-coach, northward bound for Yreka, had been halted in a gloomy desile, seven or eight miles from the city of Cinnabar, and robbed of its express matter.

A single man had done the job. The driver, perceiving that the road-agent was alone, had attempted—contrary to the general habit of his class—to offer resistance, but had been promptly tumbled off his box by a well-directed shot fired by the outlaw.

The frightened passengers, four in number, had fled from the coach in hot haste at the driver's downfall, never offering a sign of resistance; then the "gentleman of the road" had coolly proceeded to appropriate the valuables. This finished he had addressed a few words to the disabled driver, who lay groaning on the ground, cursing the evil star which led him to offer resistance to the bird of prey.

"My name is Captain Death," he said, in a coarse, evidently disguised voice. "I'm going to run this hyer trail for a time and I want the folks hereabouts to understand that I mean business, every time! If they knuckle down and let me go through 'em, all right! If they don't, then look out for sudden death."

With this the bird of prey coolly rode off.

Of course Wells and Fargo, the owners of the stage line, were not going to stand any of this nonsense; therefore, they went for Captain Death lively, but little good did it them, too; not a single trace of the desperado could they discover!

After a time the search was given up, as the road-agent was supposed to have been driven off by the urgent chase; but, just as everybody had come to the conclusion that they wouldn't hear any more of the bold rider, another coach going north was attacked, and this time Captain Death had two companions.

A desperate resistance was offered by one of the passengers, an old man, who carried a small fortune on his person, and who was accompanied by his daughter. All fled from the coach but he, fierce at the prospect of losing his gold.

Captain Death called upon him to surrender; he refused, when, without more ado, the road-agents opened fire upon the coach, mortally wounding at the first discharge both the old man and his daughter, but, although staining their souls with this terrible crime, the outlaws did not secure the prize they were in search of, for the up coach from Yreka happened to approach just at that moment, compelling the rascals to retreat in hot haste.

This bloody deed created a terrible excitement; and for a time the road-agents disappeared, but when the excitement cooled down again they haunted the road.

The name of Captain Death became as well known along the trail as the express line itself, but so cunningly did he manage that never by any chance did one of the many expeditions in pursuit of him ever get fairly upon his trail.

That Captain Death was well posted as to the designs of his pursuers was evident; he had "friends at court" and they gave him timely warning when danger threatened him.

The two road-agents nodded to their chief when he appeared, for the solitary horseman was the notorious Captain Death, in person. He took a seat on one of the buffalo-robos, lighted a cigarette, commenced smoking as he looked, inquiringly, upon his followers.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Not any," responded the road-agent on the right, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow who was known as No. 1.

Captain Death had organized his band in a peculiar manner. The faith of man he distrusted, and therefore neither one of his companions knew who he was, or had ever seen him without his mask. He had picked his two men, had approached them at night, disguised, and enrolled them, neither one knowing the other.

"For our own safety," as he had explained, "it is best we should be as strangers to each other. Then if one is taken he cannot denounce his companions."

And so, with covered faces, the outlaws always met. Names were never mentioned. The leader was addressed as captain, the first road-agent, the burly fellow, as No. 1, the second, a thin, tall individual, as No. 2.

"Nothing stirring, eh?"

"Nothin' that I hear of," replied No. 2, with a strong nasal accent.

"It is some time since we made a raise."

"Yes," responded No. 1, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Dry as dust an' nothin' to keep the joints limber."

"Bout time we struck a rifle, somehow I calc'late!" No. 2 suggested.

"I've got a big job on hand, boys," Captain Death said; "no road-agent business this time, but something that will pay us better. You know the Cinnabar mine."

Both of the men nodded.

"That's our mutton?"

The two men shook their heads; they did not understand.

"The mine is a rich one."

"Tain't payin' much yet," No. 1, observed.

"That is because it has not yet got fairly to work, but it will pay, though. A friend of mine wants it, but as it would take twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars to buy it he proposes that we shall get it for him, which we can at a less figure. Fernando del Colma is at the end of his rope; all the money he has is in the mine; there's a mortgage of ten thousand dollars due on it next week. He hopes to push that mortgage off for a month and in the meantime get out ore enough to meet it. Now we must raise blazes generally; damage the machinery, get the hands on a strike, stop work by any means so that the place will have to be sold by the sheriff, then my friend will pay two or three thousand dollars for the services we render in the matter."

"Hol' on!" cried No. 1, suddenly. "Is your friend named Injun Dick Talbot?"

"Injun Dick Talbot" said Captain Death, slowly; "what do you mean?"

"Why that is it, Cap., I know a heap about this hyer town! That ain't Cinnabar mine belongs to Injun Dick, the Death Shot of the Shasta as he's been called! It's an unlucky consarn; I've bin expectin' to see Dick pop in and bu'st it up as he alters has done afore."

"I never heard of him," Captain Death said, dryly, "and I reckon that he won't trouble my scheme any."

"That Velvet Hand is tryin' to bu'st the Cinnabar consarn as fast as he kin," No. 2 remarked, abruptly. "I heered last night that he winned a thousand dollars from Del Colma in a single settin'."

"I shouldn't be surprised; but now to business; remember—Do all that is in your power to stop the mine from working. If we can fetch Del Colma into the hands of the sheriff it will be a couple of thousand dollars in our pockets. We must let the stages alone for awhile, for the pursuit is still hot, and in the mean time can amuse ourselves with this little game. The third night hence we will meet here again."

"Say, Cap!" cried No. 1, abruptly, "wouldn't it be a good idea to go for this Velvet Hand? I reckon that he would pan out right lively if we got him up hyer enct."

"That is worth thinking of," Captain Death replied, rising; "and now, boys, be careful how you approach the cave, for if our hiding-place was once discovered it would be all up with us."

And then the three separated, each one to make his way back to Cinnabar, by different roads.

The plot against Del Colma was working.

CHAPTER III. THE GAMBLERS.

The first gray streaks of the coming moon, lining the eastern skies and heralding the approach of the sun-god, peeped in at the window of a small, plainly-furnished room, situated in the second story of the Occidental Hotel.

Within the room, a table between them, were seated two men, busily engaged at cards. The floor was strewn with discarded cards; 'tis the losing gambler's whim to try a fresh pack every now and then in order to woo the fickle dame, Fortune.

That the two men had been at their game all night long was evident, for the candles were burning low, and the bed in one corner of the apartment had not been used.

The two men were quite a contrast to each other; the first, a good specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, the second bearing the impress of the old Spanish line in every feature.

A single glance at the first—the winner evidently, for he was cool and unruffled, and as clear of eye as if he had not spent the livelong night at the card-table—and from his peculiar garb he is easily recognized as the Velvet Hand of Cinnabar.

And the second, too, so strongly marked in feature, quite fit to sit for the portrait of Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was the man arrayed in the olden garb: no trouble to recognize him in the Californian, Fernando del Colma, the owner of the Cinnabar mine.

The players are ciphering up the results of the game.

"Five hundred dollars I owe you," Colma said, with a gloomy brow. "The fiend take the cards! Will my luck never change?"

"I'm afraid not, senior," the winner replied; "not until you change your style of playing."

The observation irritated the Californian.

"Am I not as good a player then as you?" he exclaimed, loftily, a true Spaniard in his arrogant way.

"No, not as good," Velvet Hand replied, coolly.

"And why not? It is the cards that favor you; when my hand is good, you hold a better?"

"Oh, no, only I know the value of hands better than you do, and I keep my temper. I play for amusement, you for money."

The Californian rose to his feet indignantly.

"You forget yourself, senior," he exclaimed, mortally offended, reaching for his cloak and beginning to drop it around him in the picturesque Mexican fashion. "I am a gentleman of birth and fortune! Gold! I was born to it, and to me it is so much dross, while you—" he hesitated.

The Velvet Hand, busy now in trimming his nails with a little pearl-handled knife, laughed outright.

"Let me finish the sentence for you, senior," he said. "I am a gambler, a man who lives by card-playing. No social match for you, senior. You are an honest gentleman, the proprietor of the richest mine in the town, and yet you curse your evil fortune when luck goes against you and you lose a few hundred dollars. I, on the contrary, am a social pariah with not a friend on earth, and yet I lose my money with a smile and laugh at the degrees of fortune."

"Forgive me, senior!" Del Colma exclaimed, hastily, his generous nature touched by the frank coolness of the other. "I did not mean to wound you. I do lose my temper and play badly; I confess it! I am not a man of ice; it is not the money I care for, but the losing—that is what galls me! You have won from me five thousand dollars since we commenced playing two weeks ago and I can ill spare the others!"

"I don't like the look of things," said Worth. "It isn't what I was led to expect. The place couldn't be more upset if an earthquake had been at work here. The slope that's put down on the map for the left side of the stream is on the right; the big chestnut that stood on the bank is root uppermost half a mile away, and there's no mention of the fall. There's been the mischief to pay here at some time, bet your life on it, Walt, and for all I kin see there ain't even a 'salt' to pay you for your trouble."

"For all that, the geological formation promises gold, and the work done here was just enough to make the promise a certainty."

"Geological fiddlesticks!" cut in Worth, contemptuously. "I'd give more for a show of

Cinnabar mine to back you," the other said, carelessly. "By the by, you're doing very well, ain't you?"

"No, not yet."

"It's a rich mine."

"Yes; but we have hardly got the machinery in working order."

"By the way, senior, you and I have got to be pretty intimate, considering that you are the owner of one of the richest properties in the town, and that I am only a poor devil of a cardsharp, and so I'm going to make bold to give you a point or two, for I've had a good deal of experience in mining; that is, if you are willing to receive the advice in the same spirit in which it is given."

"I shall be honored, senior," Del Colma replied, with a stately bow.

"I took a look at the works this afternoon. I knew the mine in the old time, and I had a sort of curiosity to see how the place appeared." The wisest head could not have guessed from the cool way in which the man spoke of the terrible flood of bitter recollections which the Cinnabar mine recalled to his mind. "The machinery you are using is not exactly the right sort, and you've got the toughest set of hands there that I think I ever saw, and your superintendent—Bertrand Redan, do you call him?" The Californian nodded. "Have you perfect faith in him?"

"As in my brother!" Del Colma replied, with true Spanish warmth.

"Ah, that's lucky; he has full charge of everything, I presume?"

"Yes, of everything."

"A man that you can trust is invaluable," the cool sharp observed, carelessly.

The Californian, open and generous-hearted by nature, took Velvet Hand's doubtful words as a compliment to his superintendent.

"Yes, he is invaluable, and yet my sister does not trust him," he remarked, slowly.

"No!" the American was surprised; "women have keen instincts sometimes."

"She does not like him. I am astonished, for he is a fine, noble fellow, and I fear he cared more for my haughty sister than he should;" and then the don suddenly checked himself; he was not wont to speak so openly of the lovely Blanche, dearer to him than the apple of his eye. "The amount I owe you I have not with me—"

"Your word is quite sufficient," Velvet Hand replied, carelessly.

The Californian hesitated; it was evident that he disliked to remain a debtor.

"Stay!" he exclaimed, abruptly, drawing a diamond ring from his little finger and placing it upon the table; "take this as security for the sum."

The other shook his head.

"I would rather not."

"Nay, I insist! life is uncertain; I may die before I pay the debt."

"Don't let that trouble you; I should consider the account settled."

"Pray oblige me!"

The senior was thoroughly in earnest, and as the easiest way to settle the matter, Velvet Hand placed the ring upon his little finger.

"The sun is rising," the Californian remarked, approaching the window, and as he did so he caught sight of his sister riding past, mounted upon her spotted mustang.

Hardy had the sound of her horse's hoofs died away in the distance when a fearful uproar arose on the air, and from the door of a low saloon, opposite the hotel, came forth a motley gang, bearing a Chinaman in their midst.

Harder characters than were in the crowd could not be found within the territory of Cinnabar.

There was Yuba Bill, one of the recognized bullies of the town; Joe Bowers, the fat and greasy bummer; Doc Slater, the smartest horse-thief north of Frisco; Col. Tom Pipkin, as arrant a knave as ever dwelt within a white jail, and half a dozen other scamps equally as bad.

The crowd slung a rope over the limb of a convenient tree, adjusted a noose around the neck of the trembling, crying almond-eyed son of the East, from whose flowing sleeves sundry "face" cards were dropping, and prepared to swing him up.

"By Jove!" cried the card-sharp, throwing up the window-sash; "it's Hop-Ling-Ki, and he's the only man in town that can do up my ruffed shirts! They mustn't hang him, or I'm dished!"

Out of the window then, nimble as a monkey, went Del Colma, while the Californian rushed down the stairway.

(To be continued.)

Ruby and Gold.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

THE place was as wild as if dropped intact from pre-Adamic chaos. The scrub

hands could be no redder than they were now. But she anticipated no such extremity of action; she gave herself up to the exuberant delight of the hour, and gave unlicensed freedom to her thoughts as she sat there looking out upon the fair estates that would soon be her own.

She was determined to have her engagement a short one; and, in consideration of the fact that it was now unnecessary for her to go away from Westwood, she desired its publicity as much as possible. She longed for the time when she might know she stood in her own home, the honored wife of its lord; knowing, perfectly well, that no cruel, or harsh, or suspicious word would ever dare be breathed against Florian Ithamar's wife, knowing that his wealth and position and influence were magic safeguards against even her terrible past.

"It is July now—in September the marriage must take place. We must have a magnificent display; there must be a breakfast, and a band of concealed music, and in the evening a ball and reception. I will send my order at once for the most magnificent trousseau that Worth can design; Florian will have the family jewels reset; I shall be gay and joyous, and my husband shall have no reason to regret having insisted upon the name of his bride."

There came just a tiny hint of pallor over her face as she mentally pronounced the name of the victim to her jealous hate.

"I wonder why I have thought so much more than usual of her to-day, and to-night? I presume it is because I have accomplished that for which I removed her. I wonder what she would think if she knew—I wonder if she does know?"

A little shiver of nervousness took momentary possession of her at the foolishly impulsive thought that so suddenly intruded itself. Rose had lived in the shadow of the open door of the small bedroom where her maid slept—Pauline it was, who had entered her service when Jocelyne no longer needed her, and who had been Rose's almost constant companion since; for, despite her recklessness, her awful courage, her indomitable will in the performance of the duties she had chosen, Rose would not remain alone at night; for it was at night that her outraged conscience took its revenge in the form of fear and terror.

And to-night, when the clocks had tolled two, and there was the solemn stillness of a summer night, lying over the moonlight landscape, Rose was conscious ofnuminous vivishness of sensation that was a mixture of superstitions unrest and memories of haunting regret.

"I am worse than a child, siller than a bear-story-frightened baby! I will not permit my imaginative thoughts to intrude into my happiness, like a death-head at a feast. What is Jocelyne Merle, lying moldered in her coffin over yonder, to me?"

She arose from her chair as she spoke, with her eyes looking almost defiantly in the direction of the little chapel whither her hands had come, and, with a glance of almost smiling contempt at her, and a sneer at her own transient, inexplicable sensations of alarm was on her beautiful lips.

A glance that turned suddenly to a look of frozen horror.

A sneer that was petrified on her lips that blanched to ashen paleness.

For, on the wide, moonlighted lawn, its velvety turf unbroken even by a shrub, she distinctly plainly saw Jocelyne Merle coming toward the house; her white burial dress trailing noiselessly over the thick, soft grass, her dusky hair flowing over her shoulders, her lovely face irradiated with a weird, unearthly expression of marble calm!

Jocelyne, as Rose had seen her as the fair girl lay in her satin-lined, satin-pillowed casket, Jocelyne, gliding silently, swiftly toward the house!

The cry that was on Rose's lips seemed to be petrified before she uttered it. Her blood ran through her veins in a chilling tide; an icy stagnation seemed to seize her powers of volition and motion as she stood there, half-crushed with the awful sight of that slight, graceful figure commanding over the lawn toward her house, toward her!

"Pauline! Wake up, for God's sake! I have seen a ghost—I have seen Jocelyne! Light the gas!—lock the doors!—speak to me and tell me I am not mad!"

And the proud, wicked woman clung to her servant with a very despair of squalid fear.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RESURRECTION FROM SLEEP.

Not Jocelyne's ghost, returned from the shadow-world, to visit reproach and the punishment of terror on the treacherous friend who was to usurp her place.

Not Jocelyne in the spirit, but, Jocelyne alive, and in the flesh, her glorious beauty unimpaired by the strange destiny she had undergone!

Jocelyne Merle alive, whom they all had seen buried in Westwood chapel a year and a half before!

In order to understand, it will be necessary to drop the thread of the living romance at Westwood and retrace our steps to that December day, so many months past, when, with solemn services, Florian Ithamar's bride-elect had been laid away in her coffin in the vault in the Westwood chapel.

Naturally, the pitiful romance of the circumstances had been made known far and wide. The daily newspapers had made almost a sensation with their stories of sudden death and the names of the household at Westwood were, for the time, public property.

Rose St. Felix, as Iva Ithamar, and cousin of the groom, was in the sad story, and Ernest St. Felix, as he read his morning *Herold* in his sumptuous room in the hotel that Rose's hush-money purchased him, at once set to thinking how remarkably strange it all was.

It will be seen he had not gone away as he had told Rose he intended; Kenneth Richmond had gone to Europe, and when St. Felix had written to his wife it had been his intention to accompany his friend, and, in consequence, he rendered himself invisible, and he had quartered himself luxuriously at a fashionable hotel, when the news came to him of the romantic sorrow that had ensnared the household at Westwood.

St. Felix was a shrewd, far-seeing man, and it occurred to him almost instantly, when he read the particulars, that it was extraordinary even if possible. He realized the very human probability of Rose's becoming attached to the handsome gentleman who believed her to be his cousin; he could well understand Rose's jealousy if Mr. Ithamar preferred Miss Merle to her, and, before long, the various theories that came plausibly to him, he made up his mind that there had been foul play, and that Rose was at the bottom of it.

There was not an atom of regret for Rose's sake; not a twinge of jealous wrath that, in all human probability, Rose would deliberately marry some one, while he was still living.

"Why need I care? She has feathered my nest well, and by her supposed death left me untrammelled in anything I may wish to do. I will let her have her own head so long as the memory comes regularly."

He could not shake off the feeling that in some way Jocelyne Merle had crossed his wife's path. He was haunted by it all the hours of that December night until it grew upon him alarmingly.

"I wonder what possesses me? Can it be possible I was at all smitten by Miss Merle's lovely beauty, or is it that I am continually remembering how I supposed Rose was dead, when she wasn't? Of course there could be no such trick as that played out at Westwood; and yet I'd wager all I possess in the world that there's something below it all—and the fascination on

me is strong to ferret it out. I feel perfectly powerless in the hands of some invisible power; I feel I must go down to Westwood again."

And while Rose St. Felix had been exulting in the verdict of the physicians, and tenderly obeying their directions in removing the dark hue from Jocelyne's face, she little dreamed of the avenger on her track—the silent, swift suspicion that, vague, purposeless though it was, nevertheless pointed to her.

He went down to Westwood, and heard the story of the awfully sudden, pitiful death, over and over again. He heard of the wild grief of the lover, the beautiful devotions and sympathies of Mrs. Ithamar, the kind people of the country for he did not prefer to venture among the few families he had known, briefly, as Richmond's guest. But he walked over to Sunset Hill, now closed and deserted, and so lonely and gloomy among the sea, leafless trees, under the dun, snow-suggesting sky, and wearing no suggestion of the scenes of reality and good cheer that had been enacted inside its hospitable walls.

He walked around the dreary, lonely grounds, where not a sound or sight of human life was heard or seen, feeling with a shiver of the coldly-piercing wind, that it was so desolate as to be fitful and grim. He stopped, and quivered, as he had been told he had been, at the sight of her deathly face, her haunting eyes that for one second stared so wildly at him, her pinched, haggard nose, her thin, folded hands, the sickeningly sweet odor of tuberoses and geranium leaves, dissipated, for the time, almost all power of speech or action.

Then her lids drooped heavily, and her pale lips assumed a still bluer cast, and St. Felix realized that she had fainted, whether from alarm or prostration, he did not know.

Then his momentary inaction was over. He comprehended that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly, and at once he slipped off his coat and bared her, and lifted her light, restless form from her horrible resting-place, and carried her to the door of the vault, the fresh, cool wind blowing on her with resuscitating influence.

From his pocket he took his well-filled brandy flask, and succeeded in forcing some of its contents between her lips; then, when a prolonged shiver quivered over her, St. Felix took his thick warm overcoat and wrapped it closely about her.

By this time his Vesta match had burned out, and he lit another, its dim flame flickering dully on Jocelyne's piteous, pinched face, as she lay, rigidly, in his arm, while he watched the flames leap and glow, and the smoke rise from the coals.

"She looks like a dead person. I wonder if she will recover and reward me for my trouble?

I wonder if I can get her across to Sunset Hill unseen? I will have no difficulty in getting in once there, with the trusty keys of mine, that unlock even the gates of the tomb! If I can once get her there, securely, I will answer for keeping her there, securely. I will get some one to attend to her, and her return to Westwood will depend upon circumstances."

"If it pays me to permit her to return, she will; if not, I will not return."

He had laid his hand over her heart, while he was thinking as above; and he could just distinguish its fluttering, feeble pulsings.

"She is not dead! The game is not yet up!

"She will revive presently, and if my prophecy is correct, she will revive to a sense of bewilderment, and later, fear, and horror when she discovers her situation. Then she will probably faint again, and I shall take that opportunity of carrying her across to Sunset Hill."

He lit another Vesta, and just as it flared up with fitful gleam, her eyelids fluttered open again, and a decided quiver thrilled her frame, the increasing liveliness of her lips, St. Felix knew she was rapidly regaining strength.

There was no recognition in her eyes, no light of consciousness, and their cold, stony glare was sad to see; but St. Felix knew it precluded sensibility, and laying her gently down on the floor, he began a vigorous rubbing of her wrists and arms, the while taking in every detail of her white, still face, with the cold, stony-glaring eyes, the lips closed in a rigid line, the figure still rigid in its attitude, but so intact with grace and girlish beauty that even the touch of rustling and stimulation, when she had been laid away and locked in her coffin, had no power to obliterate.

He poured more brandy between her lips, and continued his vigorous chafing, only pausing to light match after match, and, with his cool forethought, gathering the tiny blackened tips and thrusting them in his pocket.

Then Jocelyne rewarded all his exertions by a sudden little gasping, choking noise; a cough, and then a low, piteous moan; signs that instantly made St. Felix forget his own discomfort arising from cold and nervous excitement.

And then he saw she was perfectly conscious as she looked at him, although her lovely dusk eyes were full of fright and wonder.

"Miss Merle! Miss Jocelyne! Do you know me? Can you speak to me?"

She did not answer, but the wonder and fright in her eyes increased, as she cast a quick, startled glance around the dim, gloomy vault, and upon St. Felix's face, on which the faint taper glow sent a mysterious light. She gave a little exclamation of sobbing affright, that he could not translate.

"By the very heaven above, it is even worse than I feared! That cat Rose has put her out of the way, but she has not done her work well; the girl has been buried alive! My God, what a sound!"

For, a second appalling moan, deeper than before, assailed his horrified ears; yet, even in the startling novelty of his position, his clear brain eyes, his lips compressed.

"Just what I feared! Read it, pet." And Harry came round and bent his tall figure over his wife's little shoulder, reading with her.

And this is what Mother Markham wrote in answer to her son's invitation to visit them:

"BEECH FARM, May 18—

"The pretty bracket lamp cast a bright light over the cosy little kitchen dining-room where Annie Markham, the bride of a month, was getting supper.

"Who from, Harry?" she asked, as her husband tossed a letter on the table beside her.

"Mother," he answered, with a smile half of amusement, half of vexation.

"Ah! what does she say?" asked Annie, quickly.

"Just what I feared. Read it, pet." And Harry came round and bent his tall figure over his wife's little shoulder, reading with her.

And this is what Mother Markham wrote in answer to her son's invitation to visit them:

"NO, I'll not come. If you had chosen a wife from the capable working country girls you know I would be proud to come. But I never took much to fine city misses, and I don't care to claim one of 'em as my daughter. I didn't invite you to bring her here, when you were married, because I knew you'd never get together, and I won't come to call for the same reason. I hope you'll enjoy your new home, but I still think you had better have got a man to help you, 'n' found it cheaper, for the help you'll have to hire to wait on you all your own profits. However you've picked your own man, you'll just have to hoe it. Only don't look for any help from me. Your mother."

"HANNAH MARKHAM"

"Never mind it, Annie; she'll know you better some day," said Harry, as Annie looked up, just ready to cry.

"Yes, and I'll make her like me pet," answered the little wife. "Meantime, Harry, your supper is getting cold."

"Well, I'm ready." And they sat down to the neat, inviting table quite happy, in spite of Mother Markham's displeasure.

Poor old Mother Markham! At that very minute, in the old farm-house a hundred miles away, she was wiping from her eyes tears of real disappointment that the daughter she had always longed for was not what she had hoped she would be—a good, capable country girl, who would be a good help, and not helpless.

She was shivering with cold and excitement, and her eyes were glowing with a supernatural gleam that was in marked contrast to her pale, sweet face. She had attempted to rise from her reclining position, but could not, unassisted, and St. Felix had helped her to sit up, and was supportingly supporting her.

"You are hardly able to attempt the distance to the house, Miss Merle, and I dare not leave you while I procure help. Be patient a few minutes longer."

She strove bravely to control her eager, nervous excitement, but he saw the deathly pallor gather on her forehead and lips again, and he knew his prophecy was true, that she would yield to the strain on her enfeebled nervous system.

He was correct. She seemed fighting against the deathly weakness that crept over her, but was obliged to succumb, and her lovely little dusky head dropped to her breast in a deep faint.

Instantly St. Felix began his dangerous hazardous experiment. He hastily reconnoitered in the vicinity, and satisfied himself that the path was clear as far as the main road. Then, he gathered Jocelyne in his strong arms, covered her carefully as he could with his long overcoat, closed the door of the vault as he had found it, and then started down the path through the little cemetery and out into the road.

He had not gone far when he heard the burden and the dense darkness. Jocelyne was pell-mell quiet and restless in his arms, and gloom and the threatening storm abroad in the dark winter night made his hazardous attempt less hazardous, as no one in that neighborhood would be at all likely to be out—not the poorer classes, who would prefer to huddle around their scant fires, and certainly not the petted darlings of wealth, whose comfort was so essential to them.

For the moment all thought of the ultimate end of this task was lost; he was only a fellow-being, conscious of the awful peril of another. His face gathered great beads of sweat as he threw off his overcoat, and fairly trembled in his vain endeavor to make his fragile knife turn even on its relentless screw. Then, in a mockery of hope, he began a search for some sharp instrument, and found a rusty knife-blade, that he could fit sufficiently well to enable him to hope for success—an old broken knife-blade, that Mike, the gardener's boy, had lost years ago, and that had been waiting for its part in this tragedy.

It did not take him many minutes to remove the lid; and he found his worst suspicions correct; Jocelyne was alive—alive in her coffin, and as he gave a low exclamation of almost incredulous surprise and satisfaction, her dark eyes weakly opened and laid a dead person.

He readily opened a secluded side door with his skeleton key—a door that he knew led by a narrow, seldom-used hall to an equally seldom-used stairway to the bedrooms on the second floor, whither he carried his burden, and laid her carefully upon a couch where she lay like a dead person.

The effect upon St. Felix was startling, although he was previously so confident that his suspicions were correct. As Jocelyne's lids slowly fluttered open, he made no immediate exclamation of surprise or satisfaction,

for the sight of her deathly face, her haunting eyes that for one second stared so wildly at him, her pinched, haggard nose, her thin, folded hands, the sickeningly sweet odor of tuberoses and geranium leaves, dissipated, for the time, almost all power of speech or action.

Then her lids drooped heavily, and her pale lips assumed a still bluer cast, and St. Felix realized that she had fainted, whether from alarm or prostration, he did not know.

Then his momentary inaction was over. He comprehended that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly, and at once he slipped off his coat and bared her, and lifted her light, restless form from her horrible resting-place, and carried her to the door of the vault, the fresh, cool wind blowing on her with resuscitating influence.

From his pocket he took his well-filled brandy flask, and succeeded in forcing some of its contents between her lips; then, when a prolonged shiver quivered over her, St. Felix took his thick warm overcoat and wrapped it closely about her.

St. Felix hastily secured the outside shutters, bolting them on the inside, then drew the heavy drapes and curtains; then he lighted two of the many wax candles in the candelabra, leaving one in its place and taking the other on a tour of discovery, first opening the register for the admission of the heat he hoped to evoke. He locked the door behind him as he went out on a search for fuel.

"She will freeze to death in this terrible barn, and if I find coal and wood, as I imagine Richmond left a stock, I can kindle a fire in the heater below, for in the darkness no one will see the smoke. I dare not hope there is any provision left behind."

There was a small portion of available food in the pantry. St. Felix found a couple of ham, a large fish of salted salmon, several loaves of bread stale and hard as biscuits.

"She will not starve until I find means to get my fortress provisioned. I will soak the bread in my brandy, after I've made a fire—if the entire game isn't up in details, of course."

But, Richmond had not removed his coal and wood in the desperate anger and suddenness of his departure. He had laid in fuel for the heater below, and in the darkness no one will see the smoke. I shall be glad to take care of you."

"Well, you can put your things in the little bedroom, there—you'll sleep there—and go to work as soon as you are a mind to," and Mother Markham sighed with relief at having somebody to depend upon, whether she proved very "capable" or not.

"Now, then," announced the stranger, as she came out of the bedroom in two minutes, dressed in a plain calico for work, "I'm

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Sunshine Papers.

Sweethearts and Wives.

A SOLILOQUY.

"**GREAT SCOTT!** This is what I call comfort! A nice little supper served for one, a quiet house, a box of fine cigars, the evening paper, a new book, and a chance to stretch one's legs *ad infinitum* without hearing Mrs. Sniffen say:

"**Mercy!** Mr. Sniffen, I beg of you do not spoil the chairs by putting your great feet in them! And I must insist that you omit setting the children such disgraceful examples."

"**Ha! ha!** It makes me laugh to think what a free man I am, with wife and family all in the country! Why, it is like the time when I was Tom Sniffen, a jolly dog of a bachelor. Ah! those were good, easy days, when a fellow could invite any man he liked to "drop in;" and could repose the extent of his personality on as many chairs as he chose; and could read new books and discuss them with some associate who had read them also; and smoke a cigar without hearing a tirade on the amount of his cigar bills and the disgustingness of the habit. My! my! women are a great institution, anyhow! They never seem to think that we men find it quite as disgusting to see them daub walnut-juice on their eye-brows, and red-salve upon their lips, and two or three thicknesses of powder per day upon their faces; and then how disgusting it is to see them working at those endless little curlicues they wear about their forehead, sticking them flat with gum or soap; to say nothing of how our nasal organs object to the odor of burnt hair that always clings to their crimped. But do we ever raise rows, and tell them how much of temper we could have a new shirt, or indulge in their gums and salves, and concoctions and cosmetics? Why no indeed, sir! We just melt!

"Well, well; I'm going to enjoy this little freedom, you can just stake your last dollar on that, Tom Sniffen, my boy! I'll smoke in every room in the house, instead of always stowing myself away in the kitchen or the attic when I want to indulge; and I'll have 'the boys' come in to tea, just as they used to, to eat a stew with me, when I lived, fancy free and

family free, in my third-story-front room. Annie gets up very nice little meals, and she is a very clever, good-natured girl; not bad-looking, either. Ha! ha! Wouldn't Mrs. Sniffen give Annie her *coupe* mighty quick if she heard me say the girl was pretty! I think I would make love to her, no doubt. What a joke! Make love to the cook! I, who never kissed any woman but my wife since I first put on roundabouts! Oh, it is too funny, what jealous little savages women are! Heigho! one never knows anything about them until one is married.

"Well do I remember the day I first saw Mrs. Sniffen. It was in church. Laura innocent she was then; and how bewitching she did look as she knelt on the footstool and repeated the litany. Bless me! I thought she was an angel straight from heaven, and hardly to be thought of by Tom Sniffen—earthly wretch. I know I told her about it afterward, and how I respected her deep religious devotion.

"Oh, yes!" said she; "I recollect the day well; and how I could scarcely keep my place in the prayer-book for looking at the blue-silk bonnet that Mary Adair had on. Such an ugly thing as it was! And she putting on as many things as it was!

"Oh, Laura, Laura, how you women do

deserve us poor devils of men! And I cannot

for the life of me see how we get so infatuated.

How I used to dream of married life! It was

to be one long honeymoon. Your pretty red lips could never speak cross words and would

always be proffered like nectar for me to sip.

You and I should read the same books and

discuss them together; and evenings, while you

mended gloves or darned our hose, I was to

tell you all the political news of the day, and

read you the famous speeches, and the literary

and art criticisms. Wherever I went you

should go, also. My gentlemen friends should

drop in to see us often, in a social, informal

way, and you should charm them with your

pretty hospitality and general intelligence.

I should share with you all my business care

and consult you concerning all my plans and

aspirations for the future. Bah!

"What aspirations can a married man have,

except to gain wealth enough to satisfy his

wife, some day, and to hope that she will

finally decide on what course of training to

adopt toward the children, and for once get a

new dress that she is fully convinced is hand-

somer than any of the dresses of her female

friends? Ah, me! The illusions of marriage

vanish rapidly when our sweethearts become

our wives! When they are our sweethearts

they cannot dress prettily enough for us; what

ravishing toilets they make! When they are

our wives, neatly-arranged hair, and dainty

collars and cuffs, of a morning, are too much

trouble for us alone; in fact, they never make

a handsome toilet unless company is coming,

or they are going out. And if our friends

call, "they are such a bore," and they do not

approve of people getting in habit of coming

so unceremoniously. And they do not get

time to read new books, though they get time

to put "nineteen sweet tufts" in a pair of

lily shambs. They do not want to hear about

politics; what do they care who is President?

They never could see any sense in prosing over

long speeches on "specie payment" or "civil

reform"; they don't care whether the reform

is civil or uncivil, or whether they have specie

or bills, so long as you give them plenty of one

or the other, wherewith to go shopping. As

for reading aloud, they are knitting "such a

love of a new opera-hood," and cannot count

the stitches if you disturb them. And kiss

you, sit on your knee, run to meet you! of an

evening with glad, outstretched arms! They

wonder how you can be so silly! And you

need not tell them anything about business;

they are so nervous, they hate to hear about

such matters; but you can band them a twenty-dollar bill if you have it in your

pocket.

"I do not wonder that so many men find

more charms outside of home than in it, when

they take into the inner sanctuary of his heart a

pretty, little, caressing woman, who, he fondly

imagines, is to develop and complete all that is

best in his life; and she develops into a fretful,

fussish, soulless woman who interests herself in

none of his pursuits nor pleasures!

"Ah, well; I suppose women are not capable

of the nice things we think of them; and, after

all, Laura is no worse than the general run!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

(THE WRONG WAY.)

THERE are some people who always seem to be in the way, and in the wrong way too. They intrude upon your privacy and trouble you with silly and unimportant questions; they write to you on *their* own business and expect you to leave *your* own business to attend to them, and expect you to pay the postage besides, as they inclose no stamp; they call just at a time when you don't want them to; they rush over to your house when you have company, with whom they are unacquainted, and with whom you had much rather have a quiet *tete-a-tete* than to be interrupted by others; they peep and poke into your uncorrected manuscript and point out where you have failed to dot an "i" or cross a "t" or have left out a word, until you feel like tearing the manuscript, or them, to pieces; you cannot keep your temper while they are about; patience with them is as impossible as placid temper in tooth-pulling.

If you are kindly disposed to do a good action and help some suffering creature, these human hyenas will get in your way and strive to prevent you from carrying out your good intention by saying that the objects of your commiseration have brought their poverty on themselves by drink, shiftlessness or extravagance, and that the money given them by you will doubtless go the same way. They think you had better wait until you learn more about them. Head their advice, and ten chances to one, some deserving soul will die while you are waiting—so it's best to take the risk and quietly tell these intermeddlers to step out of your path. If they don't take the hint deal a *hail* if that spoils the toe of your boot is money well lost.

There are people who are always in the way when love-making is going on; who do seem to love to make mischief between engaged persons, to cause quarrels to arise between them—who strive to ever keep them in hot water, and who, even after marriage, will not let them alone but continue to wag their serpent-like tongues and give employment to the lawyers who procure divorces. Take my word for it that half the marriages dissolved—except those by death—are through the machina-

tions of these detestable mischief-makers who are always in the wrong way, and who, in their pretense of doing good, work much evil. They are hypocrites, for they lead you to suppose they have your interest at heart when their tattling tales serve merely to amuse themselves and to gratify their love of mischief.

I prefer to have these hateful creatures run against me in the street, put out my eyes with their parasols, bespatter dirt on my best walking dress, than to have them poke around my domicile and regale my ears with the ill-doings and shortcomings of my neighbors. When people are engaged or married they trust each other—at least they *should* do so or they ought not to be engaged or married—and they do not want their bliss disturbed by some one getting in their way and filling their ears with base insinuations, stretches of imagination or downright falsehoods. Let jealousy once creep in and it's hard to drive it out; it may be forgiven but it cannot be forgotten, and it is the bitterest enemy one can have on their heartsthroat. Better not let it enter at all than have hard work to drive it out.

If I had a husband I loved and believed in I'd not want any busybody coming with reports to me of what they think of his conduct. When they commenced to pour forth their slander I should just say: "My good friend, stop where you are. I don't wish to hear what you would say. I have faith, confidence and trust in my husband, and your words could not turn me from him. Please keep your opinions to yourself concerning my husband. If you have aught of good to tell me of him I will most willingly listen to you, but not otherwise." Perhaps these words might give me an enemy; she might hate me for not being inclined to listen to her accusations; yet, I know, I should despise her had I done so.

These persons who get in our way continually—the wrong way—we do not want, do not need, have no desire for, cannot find room for their accommodation; so we should advise them, one and all, to "clear the track"—not a very ladylike expression but a most expressive one.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

An Agreeable Ride.

THE Whitehorn family have always been noted for their supreme modesty and bashfulness. The whole family was wiped out by the flood just because they were too timid to ask Noah for a passage in the ark. After the flood the new line of the family sprung up spontaneously, and the same timidity and extreme bashfulness continued as in the original stock.

When Lot preached in Sodom and Gomorrah they were too bashful to go to church to hear him, and the consequence was that the line got another backset; but they afterward secured another start, and have continued without any serious interruption to the present day.

Now the reserve that has so long characterized the stock has been developed in me to an infinite extent, and especially when I was a young man. I was bashful enough for four or five men. You would hardly believe it, but it's so.

Now, in connection with bashfulness, I possessed another trait called bad horsemanship. I had big; and once it happened that my girl went out to visit her uncle's, five miles in the country, and had exacted a promise that I would ride out there on the next Sunday.

I say my girl. How she ever got to be my girl I don't know; but I think that it was by a long series of stumbles, and stammerings and accidents and blushings, and other delightful agonies, for which she took pity on me, and eventually I had got so bold that I could say a continuous string of six or eight words at a time, and could almost allow her to catch me looking at her, at times.

Sunday came and I went. The day had been sitting on the stove, and was dreadfully hot. The horse was very old, and dreadfully slow. It was the first time I had ever ridden on horseback, but I had seen others ride, and it looked easy enough. But I was deceived. I was dressed in pure white, and the saddle was very greasy and old. I didn't gallop out there, for I wasn

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THE FOOTPRINTS.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Your broad lands boast one bare place
Whereon nothing cares to grow.
Was it accident or grace
Lod me hither? From below
With an idle eye, half shut,
Up this path I came and found
This proud imprint of your foot—
Stamp of beauty in the ground!

Maud, I know you're surely cold
Whom I thought as warm as fire;
Whom now other arms enfold
Whom now other eyes admire,
Passion broke the perfect spell
Whence love so lived serene—
Dead at last where wild words fell—
Words that better had not been.

You were proud and I was poor,
Maud, there's sin to be alosed;
There is wrong at some one's door
Though it ever be unowned.
And far past a paining way
Of the great world's part,
There's a footprint in the day
And another in the heart.

Sixteen and Forty;

OR,

WHO WAS CAUGHT?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MAUD ECCLES had been standing, the admired center of an admiring crowd, for nearly fifteen minutes, and worshipping her from afar Clifford Kenneth watched her, with a look in his eyes that told its own story of passionate love.

He was handsome, remarkably so, yet in a refined, elegant style; he was educated, agreeably fascinating in manner—and he was worth a thousand dollars a year—a thousand dollars that was earned by daily toll over the books of a firm of tea-merchants, and *not* the interest of accumulated or inherited fortune.

And Maud Eccles was the oldest of two children of a millionaire; a young lady whose florist's bill alone amounted to Clifford Kenneth's salary, whose jewels cost more money than he had ever earned in his life. Maud was pretty—very pretty in a plump, girlish, rosy way that dissipation had not yet spoiled; but that time might.

And—Clifford Kenneth had dared think of her as his love, his wife.

Of course it was absurdly presumptuous; but then, men have been known to perpetrate equally ridiculous mistakes; and Mr. Kenneth, standing aside from the brilliant crowd and watching the girl he loved, did not realize that the unattainable was before him.

Not that he did not perfectly understand the immense disparity in his present pecuniary condition and Maud's, but love at twenty-five is so apt to be rose-colored and hopeful, and with his admirable position he now occupied, his perfect health, his proud ambition, Clifford Kenneth did not know why he should not, in reasonable time, rise to wealth the same as hundreds of other men had.

He watched Maud with rising pulse and eager eyes—she was so sweet and fair, and so many times had she given him reason to hope—so many times he had caught her blushing gaze—surely, surely, Maud would be true to her young heart and admit what he felt was true—that she loved him.

He had come to her house, resolved to put his fate to the touch that night; and when the sound of some one's voice singing in the music-room had drawn nearly every one thither, Mr. Kenneth captured Maud and bore her off on his arm in an entirely different direction.

"It's too bad, Mr. Kenneth, because I really wanted to hear Miss Sempronio sing."

Maud half-laughed her pretty little protest as she took his arm and he piloted the way to the conservatory where the lights were burning dimly and the sound of plashing water came softly to their ears.

"But I wanted you to-night, Maud," he said, gently, yet the undertone of passion in his voice startled her. "I want you to listen while I tell you what you must have guessed a long while ago—how I love you, my darling, how I want you for my own! Maud!"

And Maud, with downcast eyes, laid her two dainty hands on his arm in a pretty, pleading way, that a wayward child might have used.

"Oh, please, *please* don't say so, Mr. Kenneth! It hurts me so to have to tell you—it cannot be as you wish! Indeed, indeed I am so sorry, and I would be so glad if papa would not insist on my marrying Mr. Henderson. But he is rich, and I have always been accustomed to—"

Somehow the pretty pathos in her voice was dying out, and a flippant coldness was creeping into it that cut Kenneth to the very soul. So, it was because he was poor, after all! And Maud was to marry old Mr. Henderson—his daintily little Maud, because she could better get along without love and devotion than handsome dresses and jewels and horses and carriages.

Well, that was all there was of it. He was refused, prettily, gracefully, decidedly, and he had it to bear as best he could.

And he bore it well—graciously. He had loved this girl—oh, so fondly. She had seemed to him all that was sweetest and truest and fairest—and she had brushed the bloom off herself by quietly telling him it was money that must marry.

He bore it very well. He bowed his acceptance of her decision, and was leaving about the house, when Maud's little sister, Christie, came dancing up to him—a slender, graceful little fairy of four years, with floating golden curls and dark, thoughtful eyes.

"Mr. Kenneth, you mustn't do home! Don't you remember you promised to dance a redowa, my me! An' I've done on my new dress, 'tause I was doin' to dance my a bid, dressed-up man!"

Surely enough, he had told Christie, days and days ago—days ago when he was so hopeful and happy—that she must give him the redowa which she was so proud to have learned. And here the little darling was, looking with aggrieved eyes at him, for not having shown her more attention by himself remembering it.

Kenneth was one of those sweet, patient dispositions who are always just and kind to little ones; so now he stopped on his way, smiling, in spite of his sore pain.

"So I did promise, sure enough, Golden-hair! And how sweet my little partner looks! Come, Christie, they are playing our dances!"

It was a happy, five minutes for the child, and when Kenneth stopped and sat down beside her for a second, her eyes were all a-sparkle, as she leaned confidentially against his knee.

"I like you, Mr. Kenneth! I'm doin' to dive

you sumfin. I are dot it in my pottet—Hawwy dived it to me!"

She carefully took from her tiny pocket a huge peanut and broke it in halves.

"There; you take half, and I take half, and we'll both eat 'em. And it'll be philopena, and whoever says philopena, first, to-night, must div a present to the unver one! Do you know what I want if I catch you Mr. Tennen?" A great bid tawigie for my doll!"

Somehow, the child's prattle sounded inexplicably restful to him, after that heartlessness of his sister, and yet the innocent mention of the time when one of them should say "philopena" after to-night, smote him with dull, cold pain. Would he ever see her or her fair, cold-hearted sister again?

Then he kissed little Christie good-night, assuring her he should be on his guard against her, and took the peanut and went away—to a long, dull painful fight against a love he was determined should not conquer him and wreck his life.

With such determination as Clifford Kenneth took to his task, men and women invariably succeed in their efforts. And he was no exception. It took hard fighting, and resolute endurance, and stubborness to give up to the pleadings of heart against head; and at length he came out victorious; at last he came to be able truthfully to say that it was best for him that he had had the discipline.

And just at this crisis of his life, when he had not seen Maud Eccles for nearly two years, nor even caught a glimpse of Christine's golden hair, he was sent abroad by his firm on delicate, important business, that took him years from home and associations—so many years that when at length he returned to New York city he was a grave, matured man of forty, handsomer than even in younger days, and with a balance at his banker's that would put to blush the fortune of the man for whom Maud Eccles had so cruelly thrown him aside fifteen years before.

He was thinking of it as he was being driven in his carriage to a reception one evening, shortly after his arrival home, where, as wealthy, handsome and unmarried, he became at once the rage.

He was thinking of Maud Eccles, and wondering how she had fared, as men will think and wonder of women who once were dear to them; never once supposing that almost the first person he would see in Mrs. Castlemain's parlors would be Mrs. Henderson herself.

The contrast was vivid between them. He, in the full flush and glory of healthy, perfect manhood, bearing the marks of culture and robustness, with a great double chin, and red, puffy cheeks, and a general look of misery and weariness.

But, it was Maud. The woman he had once loved—and he experienced an actual thrill of delight that he had escaped this mountain of flesh, as he took her big, perspiring hand.

"It is possible, Mr. Kenneth! Really, I am not surprised you almost fail to recognize me, but I've no difficulty in finding my old friend in you."

Of course he had to say something about being delighted, and then—the very sweetest-faced girl he had seen in his life came up to him—a tall, slender girl with thoughtful, yet joyous eyes, that were dark and beaming, with exquisite golden hair brushed off a low, fair brow, a girl who never by any physical possibility could become such a mammoth as the lady beside them.

"I don't believe Mr. Kenneth remembers me, Maud, and I attribute it entirely to the shocking way he once ate philopena with me, and then left me with no chance to redeem it."

He turned eagerly toward her.

"It is Christie, my little pet whom I used to dance with, and kiss when I chose! Shall we begin where we left off, Miss Christie?"

His glad admiration was all over his handsome face.

Christie laughed and flushed.

"So far as the part first of the programme is concerned I've not the least objection. They are playing a redowa now, Mr. Kenneth! Do you remember our last dance together?"

She took his arm as they went off to the music-room.

"Have I forgotten it? Or how you told me you liked me afterward! It is to be hoped you will be as kind in your reward after this review is over."

That delicate, shy little flush made her inexplicably lovely, he thought, and he took her in his arms for the dance with a quickening of his pulse, and a thrill of delight he thought never to experience again.

A fortnight later, he found her sauntering through her father's conservatory one evening—he was a most welcome guest to others than fair Christie.

"Come, let's talk, little Golden-hair—I used to call you Golden-hair, you remember?"

She laughed, with her sweet face drooped away from him as one hand rested lightly on his arm.

"You have a most excellent memory, Mr. Kenneth! Suppose I tell you that I remember gravely telling you I wanted a doll-carriage for a philopena present, and actually cried for a week when I found you had gone 'for good' and given me no opportunity to win it?"

He pressed the round arm closely to him as they sauntered on—among the very aisles and dusky shades where he had told Maud he loved her.

"I remember perfectly every word my little girl pet ever said to me! Christie! I want her to say something else to me that I shall remember with thankfulness and joy all my life. Will she tell me she loves me? Darling! Darling! You promised me a present if I caught you—I have caught you in Cupid's meshes—I want yourself, my sweet, my love!"

A silence, while the fountain plashed silverly over the rocks; while two hearts were throbbing in fierce tumult of happiness.

And then Christie lifted her sweet face.

"Oh, Mr. Kenneth, it is too blessed to be true! I have always, always loved you, and if you will take me—"

He stopped her low words with kisses.

—

HOW NICE!—Ten years ago a handsome young man passed through Monticello, Ky., and was noticed by a young girl, sitting at the window of the most aristocratic house of the town, who fell in love with him at first sight. She had wealth, culture and beauty. He was poor, and was then on his way to seek fortune as a cattle-herder in Texas. After many ups and downs, he found himself the owner of a silver mine in New Mexico. The girl bloomed into a rarely beautiful woman. She learned who the unconscious object of her fancy was, and they corresponded throughout the ten years. She never wrote a word of her personal attractions or feelings. A few weeks ago he wrote her proposing marriage, and soon followed his letter to her home, where he saw her for the first time. Recently they were married, and Miss Annie Berry, that her husband, R. B. McCall, was the greatest capitalist in New Mexico.

Kenneth was one of those sweet, patient dispositions who are always just and kind to little ones; so now he stopped on his way, smiling, in spite of his sore pain.

"So I did promise, sure enough, Golden-hair! And how sweet my little partner looks! Come, Christie, they are playing our dances!"

It was a happy, five minutes for the child, and when Kenneth stopped and sat down beside her for a second, her eyes were all a-sparkle, as she leaned confidentially against his knee.

"I like you, Mr. Kenneth! I'm doin' to dive

ONLY A FLOWER.

BY ALBERT H. AVERY.

Nothing, no, nothing but leaves;
Only a little earthly flower,
Knowing no pain nor sorrow:
Happy but for a single hour.
Only a flower, too,
Filled with rich perfume,
Caring not that to-morrow
All may be hidden in gloom.
Nothing, no, nothing but leaves,
Only looking my best;
Midst the million of workers,
Only a lone guest.
Only a flower, too,
For one short, sweet hour;
Thee to die and wither—
Only a faded flower.

Oh, to be nothing but leaves,
Bring never a sigh from me;
While I see tolling workers
From warlike fields free.
Rather nothing but leaves,
Than to gain a king's renown;
It only through work and sorrow,
To wear a royal crown.

A Girl's Heart;

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SPINNING THE DEVIL'S YARN.

RACHEL came down-stairs looking so pale and wan, the next morning, that even Mrs. Heathcliff grew solicitous.

"I fear you are not happy with me, my child," she said, speaking quite kindly. "If that is so, you have only to tell my husband. I know he would not detain you here against your wish."

"It is not that," answered Rachel, eagerly; "indeed it is not."

Grace was standing near, and a wicked smile curled her beautiful lips. But she said nothing.

Colonel Heathcliff, too, observed the change in Rachel, and his languid blue eyes grew strangely troubled in their expression as he fixed them upon her face.

"You are losing your roses," he said, gently. "Is it I who am stealing them away from you?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"What then? Is Fairlawn like a cage, that you beat your wings against its bars?"

"No," she answered, softly. "I think I could be very happy here. I do not wish to go to Fairlawn."

Then, beckoning his wife to approach, he added:

"I am going to send you both out for a walk. Take my word for it, you will come back refreshed."

Mrs. Heathcliff bit her lip, and looked slightly displeased, but she instantly rung for her hat and scarf.

"My husband knows how to be very tyrannical, Miss Clyde," she said, with a forced laugh. "We might as well yield to him."

She moved toward the door, waiting for Rachel to follow. The girl arose with extreme reluctance. She would much rather have remained.

Mrs. Heathcliff was in a very gracious mood. She began talking glibly when they were once in the open air. She selected the most popular walks, and seemed determined to extract its full enjoyment from the beautiful morning.

Presently a man turned into the walk from one of the side paths. He came straight toward them. Of course they had met scores of other men already during their brief ramble, but, somehow, this one excited Rachel's curiosity.

Mrs. Heathcliff was walking with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Though the man was coming straight toward them and walking in a hurried, nervous manner, calculated to excite suspicion, she took no notice of him until they came face to face.

Then she glanced up quickly, and came to a sudden stand still. Her features grew convulsed, and she bit her lip fiercely. Some spasm of pain or fear or anguish seemed to shake her whole body.

"You?" she cried out, sharply.

The exclamation was involuntary—wrung from her in the surprise and confusion of the moment. The man shrugged and smiled.

"Yes, Mrs. Heathcliff," he replied, calmly.

"You were not expecting me?"

"No."

She rallied a little, stepped forward, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Tell me, Edward Dent," she demanded, "what brings you here?"

He hesitated, glancing back at Rachel—a glance in which admiration and curiosity were singularly blended.

"This young lady is a stranger to me, Mrs. Heathcliff. Excuse me if I am not communicating in her presence."

These words were spoken in a suppressed voice. But softly as they were uttered, Rachel caught them distinctly. She looked fixedly at the man a moment, then a shiver shook her frame.

He was a great, loutish, ungainly fellow, with ridiculously long limbs, a thin, dark face, and a pair of small, twinkling, deep-set eyes, that burned under their bushy black brows like glob

clenched her teeth involuntarily. It was impossible to mistake the meaning of that scene. For an instant she leaned giddily against the wall, with the mask torn utterly from her pallid face, and her secret soul laid bare.

Then she rallied. Forcing a smile to her lips she advanced a little further into the conservatory.

Around her was fragrance and beauty and riotous bloom; green vines trailing from pillars and arches; flowers bursting into gorgeous bloom, with the summer sunlight lying warm and golden over all.

She could never bear the sight of flowers afterwar, and some odors turned her sick.

"Pardon me," she said, softly. "I thought the conservatory was deserted."

Dr. Tremaine held out his hand.

"I came to make my customary call, Miss Atherton," he said, with grave dignity. "I am glad to have met you."

She bowed in acknowledgment, looked hard at Rachel, who sat pale and quivering in the shadow of an oleander, and knitted her brows, as if at a loss whether to go or stay.

Rachel saved her the trouble of a decision by rising abruptly, and moving away with a slow, uncertain step.

Grace called after her:

"Mr. Dent is waiting for you. You will find him in the front parlor. I promised to send you to him."

Rachel's reply was inarticulate. She closed the door and fled across the hall and up the stairs, never pausing to take breath until she had reached her own room, and the door was securely locked against all intruders.

Then she flung herself on the couch sobbing and wringing her hands as if her very heart would break.

"It is all over," she moaned. "Dr. Tremaine will think me cold and ungrateful, and oh, my heart is bursting with the wretchedness of it all!"

She scarcely thought of Mr. Dent, except wonder how she could best avoid him.

Grace, meanwhile, was standing under a delicate arch of vines, covertly scanning Dr. Tremaine's grave face, and idly pulling a rose to pieces.

She was wondering just how far his wooing had gone, and what had been the result of it.

"Rachel seems wonderfully favored," she said, presently, forcing a light laugh. "It would astonish you to learn how many are bowing at her shrine."

"Indeed?" he answered, coldly.

"Yes, Mr. Dent is quite infatuated. He follows her like a shadow. And even papa Heathcliff thinks her incomparable."

She paused for a reply, but as none came, she added:

"You are as familiar as I am with the events of that night when she met the stranger in the garden. Of course he was a lover. I wonder, Dr. Tremaine," lifting her eyes with an ardent, penetrating glance, "if you will not be the next victim."

He smiled and shrugged.

"Forewarned is forearmed," Miss Atherton.

She bit her lip. This was scarcely the answer she had expected.

"I hope you don't think I am warning you against Miss Clyde?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, no," with another shrug, that puzzled her more than the first had done.

"It was only an unlucky jest. Forget it. I admire Rachel quite as much as anybody else does."

Then she changed the subject abruptly, and fell to talking of other things. But Dr. Tremaine did not linger many minutes. Though a woman of rare beauty and fascination, she had not the power to hold him at her side.

She felt this, and stood, fairly livid with rage, by the hall window, watching his departure.

"Has it come to this?" she hissed, through her close-set teeth. "Have I really given my heart, with all its richness of affection, unsought, unwelcome?"

It was a terrible reflection for the haughty beauty.

Suddenly a step stirred beside her. Looking round, she met Mr. Dent's thin, sneering face beat close to her own.

"It isn't pleasant to love, and love in vain," he said, smiling disagreeably.

She retreated a step or two, flashing him a haughty glance.

"Perhaps," he answered, biting an angry lip. "Let us console with each other."

"Excuse me, I have no occasion."

He laughed aloud.

"Excuse me, Miss Atherton; but I happen to know better."

"Sir!" she cried, with a stamp, and gleaming eyes.

He stood before her quite still, but with a cruel smile upon his lips. He seemed nowise daunted by her anger.

"Compose yourself, my dear. It is not of the slightest use to fall into a passion with me."

She gasped for breath. "Insolent!" she exclaimed. "How dare you! I shall tell papa Heathcliff. He will order you from the house."

"Take my advice, and speak to your mother in the first place. I will leave Fairlawn any moment that she sees fit to dismiss me."

His coolness exasperated her. It was the coolness of conscious power. And there was something alarming in his words themselves. She had half suspected that he had some hold upon her mother. Now she was sure of it.

She tried to compose herself; but her face was white, and she trembled a little. It seemed terrible to be at the mercy of this coarse, cruel man.

"Tell me what you mean by following me here?" she demanded.

His eyes fixed themselves upon her face in sharp scrutiny.

"To console with you. I knew the state of your affections; and I wished to give you an assurance."

"What assurance?"

"Dr. Tremaine will never marry Rachel Clyde."

She started; to her wild stare he replied with a low laugh.

"Who is to prevent it?" she asked.

"I am."

"How?"

"That is my secret. Ask me no questions. You will know soon enough. Only be assured that I have spoken well."

He turned slowly, moved to a little distance, and then came back again.

"Where is Rachel?" he demanded.

"She went up-stairs, I think."

"Could you send her to me?"

"I doubt if she would come."

"True."

He looked down at her, frowning darkly. At last he burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Rachel has a will of her own," he muttered.

ed. "No matter. I admire a woman of spirit. I can bide my time."

Grace shivered with a chill, but finally found voice to ask:

"What will you do?"

"Marry the girl myself, and so take her out of harm's way for good."

He rubbed the palms of his hands together, chuckling softly to himself, as he said this. Grace felt the very blood in her veins run cold, he looked so dark, stern, diabolical—a very Lucifer.

His presence made her nervous. She could endure it no longer. Turning, she fled swiftly up the stairs.

"Heaven pity poor Rachel if she falls into that man's clutches," she murmured, her heart melting in momentary pity.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

L'ENNUYEÉ.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

*They are upspringing by the brook-side,
They are springing on the hill;
The daisies, and the buttercups,
And the yellow daffodil.*

*It were a pleasant thing to see
The roving wild bee pass,
And the golden-winged butterfly
Skin of the waving grass.*

*And to hear the merry blackbird
Amid the branches sing.
And the many, many glad-some tones
The morning breeze bring.*

*Lament' st thou not, kind neighbor tree,
The day they placed thee here?
Where the very ram falls here!
Through the pent-up atmosphere—*

*Where the birds are living thing that pipes
The old elms, and the young song.*

*And the lonely, canary-bird
At yonder casement hung.*

*The brethren of the greenwood,
Ere our dawn is well begun.
Lift up their shining, dewy leaves
To greet the morning sun;*

*But we may watch his rising
All witnessfully, in vain,
Till he peeps above the chimney-tops,
And glances on the pane.*

*I am panting, like the weary hart,
For bright and flowing streams,
And the pastures where I wander
In my pleasant dreams.*

*And the green tree rustled then its leaves,
And softly seemed to say:
I shade the roofer's dwelling
Through the long, long summer day.*

*I know the flowers are springing
On the greater hillside fair,
Where my brethren wave their idle limbs
In the blossom-scented air!*

*But the good man sits beneath my leaves,
And wipes his heated brow,
And blesses off the cooling shade
Of my overhanging bough.*

*He will prop with care my aged trunk,
He ill miss me when I fall—
Had I lived a selfish forest life
I had never been missed at all.*

*I heed thy kind reproving,
Thou wise and useful tree;
So may I unrepining fall
The lot appointed me.*

The Giant Rifleman:

OR,

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED BOB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

"NOWADAYS," continued Spencer, "we all go well-armed. You can scarcely find a man, red or white, saint or sinner, but what carries a revolver or rifle."

"It seems to me that if the proper steps are taken, you can rid your country of this assassin; for nothing of the material world could elude you always."

"Very true, Mr. Earl; but you know not what a class of people we have in the pines. Such an air of mystery enshrouds this assassin that it has filled nearly every man with superstitious fear. A man may be brave and outspoken in the sunlight, but let him step into the shadow of the woods, and where his own footfalls sound ghostly, and you will see his eyes dilate, his form assume a position of stealth and caution, and his head bend in an attitude of watchfulness."

"I have the force of his companion's assertion, and for a while remained silent.

They rode on and finally arrived at the Points. Mr. Earl did not stop but pursued his homeward journey.

Captain Spencer dismounted, ordered his horse stabled, and then entered the bar of the Free Pitch Inn.

He was alone present but the innkeeper, for it was still early morn.

The two at once entered into an animated conversation which lasted some minutes; when it was interrupted by the entrance of a man carrying a long-barreled rifle and a leather pouch.

"It seems to me that if the proper steps are taken, you can rid your country of this assassin; for nothing of the material world could elude you always."

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They rode on and finally arrived at the Points. Mr. Earl did not stop but pursued his homeward journey.

Captain Spencer dismounted, ordered his horse stabled, and then entered the bar of the Free Pitch Inn.

He was alone present but the innkeeper, for it was still early morn.

The two at once entered into an animated conversation which lasted some minutes; when it was interrupted by the entrance of a man carrying a long-barreled rifle and a leather pouch.

"It seems to me that if the proper steps are taken, you can rid your country of this assassin; for nothing of the material world could elude you always."

"I have the force of his companion's assertion, and for a while remained silent.

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He was alone present but

may help thee in thy search for the ungodly murderer. "I now feel anxious that he be seized by violent hands since he lurks along the way I pursue."

Spences at once acted upon the suggestion of the Quakers, and liberating the stranger, restored him and his accouterments to him. He endeavored to make an apology for the treatment he had been instrumental in giving the giant; and the latter accepting all very calmly, quietly replied:

"I am sorry that it has required such desperate evidence to convince you of my entire innocence. I have heard of this Unknown Marksman before I came into this vicinity; but always supposed it was a name applied to the Vigilance Committee of the lumber districts. My name is Goliah Strong, and at present I am serving as guide to three young men who follow the occupation of beavers, and who are encamped near the Spy Roads. I never did hear of who I am; I am ashamed; but if this Unknown Marksman is not your vigilante, as I supposed he was, then there is some cause for his haunting you people like an avenging Nemesis. There is no human so depraved as to scour the woods and shoot men down for the mere love of murder. There is something back of all this silent death-work. The Unknown Marksman, who will yet find, is an avenger; at least, this is my opinion."

"Amen," was Gershon Bland's solemn endorsement of the big hunter's words.

"The speaks like a Christian and philosopher, friend Strong," said Obed Smiley, with an unctuous acquiescence.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," said Sandy Gray, in a strange tone, intended to be solemn.

Goliath Strong, the giant hunter, was permitted to depart in peace; and soon after the Five Points were deserted by those who had assembled to take part in the races and sports of the day.

Some went in search of the Unknown Destroyer, and some went home. Gershon Bland, Sandy Gray and Running Deer, each departed for his respective settlement with the mail; and Phil Smith, the foundling, went alone with the scattered members of his household.

Outside all was now silent save the ominous croaking of the great sign-board, and the cold, soft rustling of the pines like the robes of the dead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

BY THE STILL WATERS

Don't you hear the hickory crackling?

Muffed like, and soft, and low;

Sounds just like an army tramping,

Only it's a sign of snow.

Here's a slender smoldering, burning,

Doesn't it look poor and fine;

Don't be frightened little missis,

It's a comf'it, but it's mine,

But I'll hear de angels singin'

Dee's how sweetter songs than these.

Hark! is dat de thunder rollin'?

See de fortik lightning's gleam;

Many a time I've soothed my baby

When de storma disturbed her dream,

Now she won't be no more a wondrin'

Don't weep for me no more,

Maybe it's a waves a-breakin';

On de shores of Galilee.

Twon't be dark, de stars am shinin'

'Way above de storm and rain;

Dere'll be long protracted meetin's

Campin' on de heavenly plain.

Don't be afraid, de world's a-wondrin'

Don't weep for me no more,

Carist will hear me when I knock dere,

He will blid de broken heart,

Cross cold Jordan's troubled waters,

Into Canaan's land I fly;

Dere de tree of life is bloomin',

All de hosts am passin' by,

Rain de flowers down de rusticin',

Angels ar' de cabin dar,

Don't you weep for poor ole mammy,

She won't never grieve no mo'.

The Cretan Rover;

OR,
ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLYING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STRANGE SCENE.

"AL SIRAT PASHA, you are my prisoner!"

The Turk started—he was confronted by Julian Delos.

"Your prisoner! Why, you but now came aboard this vessel. A fugitive from me, you sought safety here under the English flag."

"This vessel is mine. I repeat, you are my prisoner; your aide and men can return ashore, and let them report that Al Sirat Pasha has gone on a cruise—a cruise for the port of death."

The Turk at once threw himself upon the defensive, but his scimitar was at once struck from his grasp by Paul Malvern, who pointed toward the Turkish *side-de-camp*, he whom he had called Archer Trevillian.

"You see I am master here. Iron him, Stellos."

Instantly the haughty Al Sirat Pasha, he whose command made armes tremble, found himself a manacled prisoner.

"Now, signor, you and your men go back to your boat; would you save your lives?"

The aide and the soldiers instantly turned to obey, seeing that resistance was useless.

Paul Malvern, his eyes alight, while he cried in tones that thrilled every one:

"No, not you, Archer Trevillian—not you! We have well met; into your boat, men, your officers remain."

The man addressed as Archer Trevillian turned one gaze upon Paul Malvern, then his face became death white, his eyes started, and his form quivered; yet he could utter no word—feared evidently overpowered him.

"Iron him, Stellos. We need him, too, it seems," said Julian, grimly, and the order was at once given.

Then the Turkish soldiers awaited no longer for an order to depart; they sprang into their boat and rowed shoreward in all haste.

"Al Sirat Pasha, you must die; your hour has come," said Julian, sternly.

"Why this indignity? I am a lord of the Ottoman Empire—a pasha of the sultan."

"Were you the sultan himself you should die for the crimes you have committed. Zuleikah, come here—there, stand so that he can see your face. Pasha, do you know this maiden?"

"I do. She was an inmate of my harem, and destined for the honor of becoming my favorite—haunting me in the Turk."

"This maiden you took to her home. Her mother fell by the hands of your soldiers; her brother, a mere boy, was murdered when unarmed: *for this you shall die!*"

"It was the fortune of war that made me the victor. To the victor belong the spoils," insolently replied the Turk.

"Kalooth, come hither. Pasha, do you know this maiden?" and Julian glanced upon the young girl, whose face was pale but stern and determined. At length she stood face to face with the slayer of her father.

"Yes, she too, was in my harem as her mother was there before me."

"Where is that mother now—she whom you took from a devoted husband, from a baby daughter?"

"At the bottom of the sea! How do I know what becomes of favorites who have lost favor in my sight?"

"And the father—the gallant Cretan, El Estin—who where is he?"

"I ask yonder ruin; it may tell the secret."

"No, no, Turk! Here is one to tell the secret."

All started at the strange voice, and suddenly the mysterious, white-clad woman glided before the Moslem chief.

Then her veil was thrown aside, and with a cry of horror upon his lips Al Sirat started back, crying:

"Holy Mahomet! *Alfarida!* Does the sea give up its dead?"

"Ha, ha, ha, Al Sirat—I am she who was once thy favorite, who ruled you by love's fetters—now, I am the being who has haunted you—ruined you—tired of me, and sent me forth the path—tired of me, and sent me forth one night on the Bosphorus to die; but he whom you made executioner was merciful—he spared me, and I came hither—came hither with the twin deformities you also sentenced to death, because their hideousness offended your handsome dark eyes—to this isle we came, and in yonder ruin near my girlhood's home, have we lived—lived as the phantoms of old crumbling temple."

"Ay, there I lived, and night after night, when the moon shone brightly, did my poor soul yearn to be with me again, and commune with his sorrow. Once I have touched him; but I would not—no, I was a poor, polluted thing—polluted by my touch."

"Conscious of my own innocence, I fled from the foreign land."

"Shortly after my departure Archer Trevillian who still remained, prepared a discovery—in a secret drawer of my father's desk was found another will; this will was written after the one I had found, and divided the property equally between myself and sister, and in case of my death my share was to revert to her, and vice versa as regarded her half if she died."

"Then it was shown that I had forged the first will, for in my handwriting, several completed copies of the will in my favor were found among my private papers."

"A man named my right Archer Trevillian married my sister, and took the lot of my home and estates, and from that day on circumstances sent me abroad ceaseless; but I had sufficient to allow me to travel about, and fond of Eastern lands, I passed much time in Greece, Turkey and Asia."

"One night, in Athens, I was set upon by an assassin, and he came near taking my life, for he gave me a deep wound in the side. In that assassin I beheld a man strangely like Archer Trevillian: yet I did not suspect him, for what could be doing in Greece?"

"After a long illness I recovered, and drifted into Rhodes, where I found my letters home were unanswered, and I gradually went hungry until I was almost starved. Nay, one night, driven to desperation by my ill-fortune, I would have taken my own life, had I not been called from the dark deed by hearing a combat with scimitars waging not far from me."

"Then I first met Delos Bey, and he it was who has saved me from myself. What I am to-day owe to him."

"But, enough of self. Let me now tell you of this man," and Paul Malvern pointed condescendingly toward Archer Trevillian, who stood with bowed head and white face, his manacled hands clasped, his whole attitude that of one who held no hope in life.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

Base-Ball.

"The word was given to fire, and our pistols flashed together, and as was his place to do in the play, my antagonist fell to the floor, his part being to be mortally wounded."

"Then we all waited for him to raise himself on his arm, as the character called for, and address some dying words to me."

"We waited long and he never moved, and at length one of the acting seconds stepped forward to prompt him, thinking he had forgotten his lines."

"With horror he started back: my enemy was dead—shot through the head by a ball from my pistol."

"I will pass over the scene that followed: it beggars description."

"I was arrested; the truth of the intended duel came out, and it was believed that I had purposely loaded my pistol, to save my own life on the morrow."

"I lay in a felon's cell for months, and then was tried—a long, tedious trial, which resulted in my being found guilty of murder with intent to kill, and my sentence was death by hanging."

"The night before the day on which I was to be executed, a visitor came to my cell. It was my sister, and she came to save me, for she had bribed the jailer to let me escape."

"The jailer was a young man, unmarried, and one to whom I had rendered favors, and it was decided that we should fly together."

"Conscious of my own innocence, I fled from the foreign land."

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CAMPAIGN.

The Western tour of the Eastern nine—as far as League club games go—ended May 26th, and the result for the first time in the history of the League is in favor of the East, the Boston club having won six out of their eight games with League nines, and the Hartford four out of their seven. If they can do so well on their adversaries' own ground it is reasonable to suppose that they will do better when the Western nines visit the East, and consequently a busy and exciting campaign may be expected this coming June, when the League nines make their first Eastern tour of the season.

The League club games played out W. at the past week were as follows:

May 21, Boston vs. Louisville 5 0

22, Hartford vs. Boston, at Cincinnati 6 7

23, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 4 6

24, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago 6 2

25, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 12 7

The full record up to May 26th, showing the games won vs. lost by each of the League nines in their contests with each other, is as follows:

Games lost 2 5 7 3 4 2 2 2

The relative position of the nines is as follows:

CLUBS GAMES WON GAMES LOST.

Boston 2 2 2 0 2 6

Chicago 0 0 1 0 1 0

Cincinnati 0 0 1 0 1 0

Hartford 1 0 1 0 1 0

A JUNE POEM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

With roses in her hair sweet June,
With tender step and gaily,
Comes lightly wandering our ways,
And me perspire profusely.
The green has grown into the red,
The verdure is now turning,
The sweetest flowers of all the train—
The cabbages, are growing.

Bright month of June, how dear it is!
The year is half-way through now—
The sweetest time of all the year,
And several bills are due now!
Soft verdure covers the hills and mountains,
In green and blue and yellow.
Far, far the landscape stretches green—
Butter's growing yellow.

The murmur of enchanting streams
So sumptuous and inviting,
To-day allures the wandering steps—
And fish are mad and biting.
The sun ascends its highest height,
And days are growing long.
A midday spreads o'er all the earth—
Onions are getting stronger.

The sweet fruit ripens on the bough,
In sunshine warm and glowing.
Nature provides for every need—
My parsnip bed needs hoeing.
The earth one pleasant pasture seems—
And sun and sky are sunny,
And the leaves are fully out,
As likewise, is my money.

The wild vine climbs the faroring tree,
And blossoms in the sunning.
The odor on soft winds is borne—
Soap factories are running.
The sweet mid-year, since happy time!
Until the sun is sinking,
And on it falls the sun's bright beams—
Straw hats are all the go now.

A gentle shower, and nature wears
A freshness most surprising;
See, everything comes springing up
And day-board, too, is rising.
The heart with joyful moods is filled,
And brightness of creation,
And beauty almost glad enough
To own a poor relation.

Schamyl,
THE CAPTIVE PRINCE;
OR,
The Cossack Envoy.A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.
BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

I.—ZISKA.

BRIGHT morning in St. Petersburg. Sky as blue as ever it was in Italy, the air still, thermometer 20° below zero, ground and buildings covered with a white sheet of snow. The broad avenue of the Newsy Perspective is crowded with sledges, all the bells ringing a mad peal of merriment. Still the sleepers sleep on.

He arrived at the Hotel de Russie last night and registered his name as "Ziska Hoffmann, John." And a man he is!

With him came a big Russian friend, met on the steamer, and it is Ivan Ivanoff who is now shouting at the door.

"Come, Batushka, (little father,) if we want to see the Petrokskai before we take the train to Moscow now is our time."

And he thundered at the door, effectually dispelling further sleep.

Ziska hurriedly dressed himself and admitted the good-natured giant.

"Now, Batushka," said Ivanoff, as he came in, "if you are a wise man you'll not tell the train to-day but go out and buy the tickets. There is the imperial palace and the hermitage of her most beloved master, glorious memory, Kavtik the Great, there is the admiralty and the Potrechkin, the great statue of our immortal Czar Peter. There are the theaters, the arsenals, the churches. Surely you would never miss them. Batushka, stay a few days and we will go together."

"Well," said Ziska, smiling, "I don't know that we are in such a furious hurry, after all. And I think we might easily do worse than explore this city in company, Ivanoff. Where shall we go first?"

"To breakfast, Batushka," said Ivanoff grinning all over his broad face. "Russian breakfast is ready now, and after that we will take a sledge and enjoy ourselves. Ah, Batushka, you don't know what a change it is for me, who left Russia a poor peasant, to come back a rich merchant, able to enjoy myself and have such a friend as the American nobleman."

Ziska laughed. Ivanoff was a true Russian, full of extravagant compliments.

They went down to breakfast, and a strange way they have of eating in Russia. First Ivanoff led his friend to a sideboard.

"Now, Batushka, you must eat Russian style."

There were little saucers of sweetmeats, others salt anchovies and *caviare* and little glasses of *vodka*. Possibly you don't know what *caviare* or *vodka* are. *Caviare* is the roe of the sturgeon, or rather sterlet, a species of fish peculiar to the Volga river. Americans wouldn't like it, first time, or second either, but epicures are very fond of it.

You know Hamlet calls peculiar dainties "Caviare to the general."

Ivanoff made Ziska take first a little jam, then some salt anchovies and *caviare*, and a little glass of fiery *vodka* or Russian rye whisky.

"There, Batushka, that will give you an appetite."

The breakfast was in Russian style, with plenty of hot fat soups and stews, everything seeming to be intended to keep up the animal heat of the body.

"Now, Batushka, the sledge is at the door. Leave me to make the bargain with the *ishvoshishik*. He would take the skin from you, the little dove, the son of an animal."

A few moments later the two friends were out in the biting frosty air, and Ziska shuddered through his big ulster as he felt the intense cold. Before the door stood a long low sledge with the runners made of thick wood and turning up at both ends away from the body of the vehicle, a very different machine from the trim American cutter of Ziska's recollection. In front were three horses, the center one a powerful black, the outside horses small, wild-looking shaggy things.

But what a strange rig! The middle horse was in shafts, and over his collar rose a bright steel bow about two feet high, carrying three large deep-toned bells, chiming in accord with each other. The head of the horse was checked up to this bow so that he could only look straight before him. The outside animals had hardly any harness but a surcingle and traces; they wore no blinkers and seemed to be perfectly free.

"Now, Batushka, jump in. Plenty of furs. Cover up warm or you may lose a hand. Now, Peter Petrovitch, poshol!"

Poshol means go on, and was one of the few Russian words Ziska had picked up before leaving St. Petersburg.

The vocabulary is handy if you ever go to Russia. It is all-sufficient for the *ishvoshishik* or droshky-driver.

Poshol? Go ahead!

Na pravo! To the right!

Na levo! To the left!

That's all you need till you come to settle your fare, and then you want to know the numerals up to ten so to count copecks and rubles. All that Ivanoff said Ziska—but he told him about the Russian money, which is very simple, as they drove along.

"You see, Batushka, you Americans have your dollars, we have our rubles. Our ruble is only worth seventy-five cents, but it counts a hun-

dred copecks. Ah yes, in the old days we had silver rubles, but now it is all paper everywhere, just like your greenbacks, and the good lord he knows when we shall get back our old hard money."

As he spoke they were gliding over the snow down one of the broadest and handsomest streets in Europe, the renowned Newsy Prospect. In Russia broad streets are all called "prospects" like our "avenues"; side streets are "outlets."

The Newsy Prospect is lined with grand houses and palaces, and runs right through the center of St. Petersburg, from the Alexandroffski park-ground to the Admiralty and Winter Palace, about three miles. It is the Russian Broadway, and stretches across the wide bend of the river Neva, which winds all round the city.

To-day it is full of sledges and people all in furs, and Ziska lies back muffled up to the chin in white wolf-skins and watches the brilliant panoramas with delight.

"Hello, Ivanoff, what's that?" he asks, as a glint of weapons ahead of him catches his eye. There are a forest of spears points high over the crowd, and the dull booming of kettle-drums is audible.

"The Cossacks of the Guard, Batushka," said his friend, proudly. "Ah, they have no such soldiers in America as those. Look at them how they ride!"

As he spoke a wild-looking man in a black fur cap and huge gray overcoat galloped by the sledge waving a short whip, and motioning to clear the way, with shouts of "*Poshol won!*" (*Out of the road*). Slung at his back was his long spear, resting in the stirrup-boot, and he had a cartridge belt revolver, bayonet a sword in his belt. He wore no spurs, but carried a whip and alternately used it on his shiny little horse and the heads of any of the cowards who did not obey quickly.

Behind him, at about fifty paces, came the dark column of Cossacks, all in the same dress, all with the same short stirrups and little horses, but led by one of the handsomest men Ziska had ever seen.

This officer rode a black horse, very different from those of the Cossacks. Obviously it was of English or other blood, and its rider was very different from the squat, thickset Cossacks, with their pig-noses and big bristling beards. He was tall and slender, with a high-bred face, great dark eyes, and a long black mustache that nearly touched his broad nose. His uniform was of dark red and pale.

He dared not look at her, for he loved Ned. Behind him, and he turned his head to look at her, he loved Nettie.

Little did Nettie Dare know that this man had given her all the wealth of a great heart and had been hating until Ned Walton, younger, more modest and handsome than himself, had taken his place, and he saw the greater part of his life slip away from him, leaving him, as he had seen the wrecks of ships stranded and forsaken, on a desolate shore.

He dared not look at her, for he loved Ned. Behind him, and he turned his head to look at her, he loved Nettie.

Long months had passed, and again we see the Dolphin. She is on the sperm-whale fishing grounds, and a look at her is enough to show that she has seen service. There is an oily look about her, and the men have the same appearance. The odor of oil is everywhere, and even now the try-pots are busy. On either side of the ship a strange object is suspended, the head of Captain Dare he bade her good-by as an elder brother might have done, and hurried down to the boat, which lay there in waiting, with only three men in it. Soon Ned and the second mate came down, the latter took an oar, and the boat shot away toward the ship. Two hours later the anchor was hoisted, the head-sails filled, and the Dolphin bore away on her distant voyage.

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"Who is he, I wonder?" mused Ziska. "That man looks as if he had a history."

"That, Batushka!" said Ivanoff, eagerly. "That is young Schamyl!"

"Young Schamyl, the son of the great Tcherniss chief who gave Czar Nicholas so much trouble. When the old man surrendered at last, the czar treated him well and allowed him to go abroad on parole. He died at Medina only a few years ago. Well, Batushka, our czar is wise. He keeps the son of Schamyl here in the capital as an officer of his own staff, and he is a prince among princes. He ought to be happy."

"He does not look so," thought Ziska.

At that moment the young Circassian prince passed close to the sledge, and as he passed he looked at the sledge.

Immediately Ziska Hoffmann raised his hand and saluted young Schamyl. The prince looked surprised, but returned the salute with a grave dignity of demeanor that impressed the American very favorably, to all appearance.

As he passed on, Ziska observed to Ivanoff:

"You may think that man is happy, but to my mind he looks like a prisoner planning to escape. Your czar may be wise, but he'd better watch his hostages."

The Russian merchant laughed.

"We can trust the czar, Batushka. Look;

they have passed, and here we are at the Admiralty. Peter Petrovitch has good horses.

That fellow in the saddle is a true Orloff trotter. See him stand out!"

Indeed, Ziska was surprised at the way in which the sledge was whirled through the street, the big horse in the middle throwing out his feet in a long slashing trot that would not have disgraced Dexter, while the shaggy Ukraine ponies on the outside were at full gallop. It was a singular but quite prepossessing team, and essentially Russian.

A signal from Ivanoff the sledge stopped near the Admiralty, a great gray granite building; and the travelers had a full view of the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great, the horse rearing at the edge of a rock, formed by a single block of granite forty feet high. Before them was the frozen sheet of the Neva, and at the other side of the Admiralty rose the enormous pile of the Winter Palace, leading to the so-called "Hermitage" of Catherine II., the cottage that cost twenty millions of dollars.

Ziska was still looking round him, lost in wonder and admiration, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He started. A Cossack on horseback by the sledge and handed him a little white note. Before he could open it the man saluted and rode away, leaving Ziska puzzled beyond measure.

(To be continued.)

Captain Saul's Victory.

BY C. D. CLARK.

"He broke the token, and half he gave to me. While the other's rolling—while the other's rolling—At the bottom of the sea!"—OLE SON.

So sung Nettie Dare, sitting on the gray rocks beside the sea, and watching the long swell as it came in from the east. It was the coast of New England, off New Bedford, and the maiden who sang that old, old song of love and constancy to the stormy sea, or rather sterlet, a species of fish peculiar to the Volga river. Americans wouldn't like it, first time, or second either, but epicures are very fond of it.

You know Hamlet calls peculiar dainties "Caviare to the general."

Ivanoff made Ziska take first a little jam, then some salt anchovies and *caviare*, and a little glass of fiery *vodka* or Russian rye whisky.

"There, Batushka, that will give you an appetite."

The breakfast was in Russian style, with plenty of hot fat soups and stews, everything seeming to be intended to keep up the animal heat of the body.

"Now, Batushka, the sledge is at the door. Leave me to make the bargain with the *ishvoshishik*. He would take the skin from you, the little dove, the son of an animal."

A few moments later the two friends were out in the biting frosty air, and Ziska shuddered through his big ulster as he felt the intense cold. Before the door stood a long low sledge with the runners made of thick wood and turning up at both ends away from the body of the vehicle, a very different machine from the trim American cutter of Ziska's recollection. In front were three horses, the center one a powerful black, the outside horses small, wild-looking shaggy things.

But what a strange rig! The middle horse was in shafts, and over his collar rose a bright steel bow about two feet high, carrying three large deep-toned bells, chiming in accord with each other. The head of the horse was checked up to this bow so that he could only look straight before him. The outside animals had hardly any harness but a surcingle and traces; they wore no blinkers and seemed to be perfectly free.

"Now, Batushka, jump in. Plenty of furs. Cover up warm or you may lose a hand. Now, Peter Petrovitch, poshol!"

Poshol means go on, and was one of the few Russian words Ziska had picked up before leaving St. Petersburg.

The vocabulary is handy if you ever go to Russia. It is all-sufficient for the *ishvoshishik* or droshky-driver.

Poshol? Go ahead!

Na pravo! To the right!

Na levo! To the left!

That's all you need till you come to settle your fare, and then you want to know the numerals up to ten so to count copecks and rubles. All that Ivanoff said Ziska—but he told him about the Russian money, which is very simple, as they drove along.

"You see, Batushka, you Americans have your dollars, we have our rubles. Our ruble is only worth seventy-five cents, but it counts a hun-

"Ned!"

"I won't say what I was going to say then. I believe you are true to the core, dear girl, but I'm not. I doubt you. But I must say good-bye, for the Dolphin has set the signal to recall the boats, and it won't be long before the anchor is off the bottom. One kiss, my darling, and then a long good-bye."

He clasped her in his arms, and their lips met in a long and tender kiss. At this moment they heard a hissing laugh, and starting quickly, Ned Walton saw a man in seaman's garb standing upon the rocks above, and looking down at them.

"I don't like to interfere, Ned, old boy," said the man, "but we must make the best of this wind. Go down to the 'Ship' and find the second mate, and go to the boat. I'll scroll along the shore, and get them to bring us in."

"It was Captain Saul Wilson, of the ship Dolphin, a successful captain, one who never went upon the whaling grounds but that he filled up before the rest of the fleet—a man who never lost a ship, and who made money for his owners; who could command almost any "lay" when he wished to change service."

"I'll go, captain," said the young man, "Ned and I have made a bargain, and if I come back, after doing good work, and the owners give me command of the new ship we are going to build, she is to be my wife. Kiss me again, Ned; Saul knows that we love each other."

Again he pressed her to his heart, and then tore himself away.

"Take care, home, Captain Saul," he said; "I—I can stay."

He sprang over the rocks and disappeared, and Captain Saul gave Nettie his arm. She took it, and as she walked along the shell-strewn beach she looked up again and again into the weather-beaten face of Saul Wilson. It was not bad, but it was not good, either.

"The dolphin is lined with grand oysters," said the young sailor, "and the shark is a fine fish."

"I like to get rid of these heads as soon as we can, captain," said Ned Walton. "I don't like the look of the sky."

Saul Wilson cast a glo